

To night, we, as students, are gladly reminded of our indebtedness, and wish to publicly record our appreciation of the privileges we enjoy, recognizing that they are largely the outcome of Senator McMaster's bequest. To many of us this institution simply means our salvation from ignorance and inefficiency. Coming, as we do, from the farm or the workshop, it would be impossible independently to equip ourselves for life's work. But now, with these splendid facilities—a comfortable home, a magnificent library, a Faculty of the finest Christian scholars, and all located in the centre of this beautiful city, where we may come in touch with the hearts of all classes and creeds—there is no excuse for any one beginning work unprepared.

We are few to-day compared with what we shall be, or compared with the enormous beginning of the new Baptist University in Chicago. But we are content to be the tortoise in the race. Satisfied to have our beginning small as a grain of mustard seed, if the after growth will be natural, steady and strong. This school is a seed of God's own planting; the soil is rich, the climate congenial, and we believe the future will see it one of the most fruitful for good of educational trees.

As yet the workmanship of but one department has been given to the world, and already their influence has touched the ends of the earth. Besides the McMaster men scattered over this Dominion and throughout the States, our representatives, as missionaries, are in the heart of Africa and in the Canadian and American mission fields of India.

No one acquainted in this College need be told that we love and are loyal to the institution and proud of its founder. At a mass meeting of the students, a few days ago, when it was suggested that in our new College colors should be incorporated the McMaster tartan, a unanimous shout of applause rang through every corridor in the building.

Few of us ever saw more of Senator McMaster than yon marble bust—even that tells of a mighty soul—but we are assured that the endowing of the University was but the supplement of a life of faith and prayer for Canadian Baptists.

Of Mrs. McMaster's Christ-like spirit we know something by experience. Her visits to the Hall are always a delight and profit to us. Not long ago, after taking tea with us, she, as an affectionate mother, spoke to her "own boys," first collectively, then individually. Every heart was won, and we felt proud of our *Alma Mater*.

In after years, when the graduates of this University are in the struggle and conflict of life, if any human name can buoy up the sinking spirit and infuse fresh hope and strength into the faltering, that name is the one over our door—McMaster.

A. N. FRITH.